

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

Is there anything that we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond?—Henry Ward Beecher.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 213 WEST 23D ST.

Vol. VI. No. 4.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

Whole No. 169.

At Home and that the d.

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—Bacon.

THE MYSTERY.

BY HAYDEN TAYLOR.

Thou art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;

No line of all thy loveliness shall fall
To formless ruin, smote by time and thrust
Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though the
sad

Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;

Though by the feet of generations trod,

The head-stone crumble from thy place
of rest.

The murmur of thy beauty cannot die;

The sweetness of thy presence can not
fade.

Earth gave not all the glory of thine eye—

Death may not keep what death has never
made.

It was not thine, that forehead strange and
cold,

Nor those dumb lips that laid beneath
the snow;

Thy heart would throbb beneath the passive
fold.

Thy hands for me that clasp'd forego.

But thou hast gone—gone from the dreary
land—

Gone from the stormy let loose on every
hill.

Lured by the sweet persuasion of a hand
Which leads thee somewhere in the dis-
tance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou waitest
yet

The same bewildering beauty, sanctified
By calmer joy, and touched with soft re-
gret.

Can him who gazes and cannot reach thy
side.

I keep for thee the living love of old.

And seek thy place in Nature as a child
Whose hand is parted from his playmate's
hold.

Wanders and cries along some dreary
wild.

When in the watches of my heart I hear
The messages of purer life, and know
The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near,
The darkness hides the way that I should
go.

Canst thou not fill the empty realms re-
store

That form, the symbol of thy heavenly
part.

Or in the fields of barren silence pour
That voice, the perfect music of thy
heart?

Oh, once! once bending to these widowed
lips,

Take back the tender warmth of life from
me.

Oh, let thy kisses cloud with swift eclipse
The light of mine, and give me death
with thee!

PROGRESS THE LAW OF THE SOUL.

NUMBER III.

Is there but one way to reach the
supernal heights? Can we climb up
by any other road than the one that
has been marked out for us by the
eternal laws of our nature? Is it not
the grand design that we shall receive
from this life the best possible prepa-
ration for a higher life? These are
vital questions, they concern our
most important interests. If we
make no preparation for the higher
life of which this is the mere prelude,
then the loss is our own, and we our-
selves shall be the greatest losers.

We often hear it said: "No matter
if I do not believe this or that, or if
I am in error, eternity will reveal all.
I shall know in the future." We say
it is of vast importance whether or
not the soul rests in error. By so
doing an injury is inflicted upon it
which it may take ages to retrieve.

No man has any right to wrap his
talent in a napkin. By so doing he
incurs spiritual death. It seemed a
mysterious saying of an ancient in-
spired one that, "to him that hath
shall be given and from him that hath
not shall be taken even that which
he hath." But it is the eternal law
of the spirit. If we have not a truth,
if we refuse to gain truth, we shall
lose even what we have, for the ne-
glect to cultivate one's talents destroys

them. If we neglect to cultivate our
affections, by the very nature of those
affections they die. If we neglect to
cultivate our religious nature, its
very power dies out and we have
none. If we neglect to cultivate our
mental powers, they waste away and
become useless. If we tie up an arm
and forbid its use, how long is
it before it begins to shrivel? Its
muscles perish and it becomes a
worthless thing. It is in fact taken
away from us. And thus it is with
every attribute or virtue: exercise
strengthens them. If we do a good
deed once, we shall be likely to do it
again, and if we keep doing good
deeds, we shall find that the doing is
life to the soul. And thus we per-
ceive the law of progress is action.

There are those who think to climb
up to the state of perfect develop-
ment some other way; they think
that all this labor can be saved and
another and easier way be found; one
so easy that it will permit the most
indolent life. But the voice of eternal
truth cries, "There is no other way
than mine: this is the path; walk ye
in it. Ye must *earn* heaven. To re-
ceive the reward of your talents, ye
must exercise them. To find the
treasures ye must lay them up. There
is no other way of gain but by
and through spiritual culture."

In the condition of perfect develop-
ment every faculty of the head and
heart must have its harmonious ac-
tion. The intellect must assert itself,
and the noble powers of the mind be
ever on the alert to endeavor to

the secret causes of nature and re-
veal the mysteries of creation, for
man is called upon to govern the ele-
ments of the world, to conquer mat-
ter, and compel it to do the bidding
of mind. The moral power must as-
sert itself, and through its force, evil
be conquered and the true and noble
become revealed in every act of the
life. So too with the affectional na-
ture; it must be urged out into the
universal. Selfishness must be lost
sight of. Every attribute of our na-
ture is bestowed by the life of the in-
finite inherent in all men. Our pro-
gress toward the perfect must be a
uniform one. It cannot be revealed
in any one department, but includes
them all. This view of life we con-
ceive to be the only true one, and if
we will take it, how excellent does
life become to us. Every day may
be a sacred time to us, for in it we
may learn something, may do some-
thing. We accustom ourselves to
look to future seasons. We think,
perhaps, that the future life may be
far better than this for growth; but
if so, for what was this life given us?
If it is not of inestimable value to us,
if this earthly discipline is not the
very best for the soul, why does infi-
nite wisdom permit it? Viewed in the
light of discipline, of preparation, of
a help, do we not find ourselves tak-
ing up life's trials with new strength,
new courage? If we could believe
each day to be truly a gift from God
to bring us something, some lesson,
some truth, to be a stepping-stone
towards the highest and best, would
not the light of each morning dawn
with a new splendor, and the even-
ing's return be welcomed as the vic-
tory and crown of good?

To put a new estimate on life we
must behold it through the great
truth of eternal progress, of the fit-
ness of all that the soul receives to
its growth. The future would be to
us a glorious pathway leading us on
forever higher, ever toward new
beauties, new glories, if we would fill
our soul with the aspiration to grow,
to advance, to gain something. Death
would be to us as the opening of a
glorious portal and we should wel-
come it when it came as one of the
events of the eternal life, that eter-
nal life that was first consciously ours
when we learned of our destiny.

Eternal life is no bestowed gift.

It is ours because we are a part of it.

God—the eternal cause—created us,

and therefore we inherit eternal life.

But to fully know what it is we must

have revealed in us a consciousness

of the eternal cause, and that condi-
tion that was once designated as the
condition of oneness with God. We
must aspire toward the All-perfect,
and reaching forward to the glorious
life of the future, we must aspire to
perfect ourselves in every attribute,
in every affection, in every gift be-
stowed on us by the All-wise Father,
that we may learn through our own
consciousness of the eternally true,
beautiful and good.

TRUE LIBERTY.

What is that liberty that the world

is at present demanding for itself?

There is a constant feeling of unrest,

a sort of nervous uncertainty in the
public mind. If we define liberty we

say it is freedom to do, think, and feel

—to follow the bent of inclination in
all directions. But we find that there
are penalties attached to all
wrong doing, and that violated law
always brings suffering, so it cannot
be said that man has liberty to do
wrong, since he must surely suffer
for wrong doing.

If I am perfectly free, as far as ex-
ternal restraint is concerned, to put
my finger in the fire, yet my mental

recognition of consequent suffering

is a check on my freedom, it is the

power that compels my obedience,

and may be called my master. Thus

there can really be no freedom ex-
cept that which is in harmony with
law. The free man is he who does
not violate law. All penalties are
restraints, and all suffering is a pen-
alty. Liberty then brings happiness,
and true freedom is true develop-
ment.

Born as we are, subject to the pen-
alties of our ancestors, we cannot be
said to inherit freedom. We are
bound by innumerable chains not of
our own forging, and must work out
our individual liberty through bitter
experience; but the moment we find
ourselves going counter to the laws
of right and true unfoldment, we
weld again our inherited chains.

But we cannot well find fault at the
course of others who have to learn
that fire will burn before they avoid
it. Every one has to learn that there
are penalties for violated law, and it
is often experience alone that will
teach them. We want teachers who,
having unfolded their own natures,
can speak with certainty of the effect
of violated law. We teach the child
first of all that it must avoid exter-
nal evils. We do not put its finger
in the flame to teach it through suf-
fering, but we admonish through our
own experience. Why then should
not moral evils be spoken of as
avoidable, and the experience of suf-
ferers be a warning to others?

We contend that every one who is
suffering from any of the evils con-
sequent on violated law, proves that
in what he called his freedom to do
wrong, he has found his master and
chain. Thus when our teachers con-
tend for true liberty, they should be
wise enough to speak of that liberty
that has no penalties. To gain this
position of freedom, one must learn
either from accepted standards of
right and true development, or that
gained through the painful road of
suffering. This last method has
been the one of the past. Through
the painful way of physical suffering
have we been taught the laws of
health and physical happiness, and
also the moral and spiritual body has
found out for itself its way of peace
or of thorns. The method of the
future must be more in harmony with
natural development.

As our little plants grow from an

interior wisdom equal to their needs,

so should we be educated from with-
in, having the divine instinct of right

and duty. And all instruction should

tend to develop this interior percep-
tion, which is something diviner than

conscience, since conscience can lead
to violation of law. As the body

calls for wholesome food, so does the
spirit require that which shall natu-
rally it, and in its highest condition
its wants would always be in har-
mony with its needs, and its freedom
would lead it to gain what would
satisfy those needs. The inharmony
between the wants and needs of the
body or spirit, springs from the call
of one nature to satisfy the demands
of another. Thus often when the
spirit is asking for the strength of
love and fellowship, it makes the
body demand stimulants. When
the spirit demands truth it calls on
the body for some excitement. When
the spirit demands a pure expres-
sion of social feeling, it makes the
body seek passionate indulgence.

Thus the war goes on between the
demand and the supply, and the pen-
alty of wrong follows. We need to
know what is the nature and what
are the demands of our spirits, and
then we shall be ready to grant
them that freedom which will never
prove restraint by the return of suf-
fering.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

Ever there floats before the real,
The bright and beautiful ideal;

Advises to guide the sculptor's hand,
Lies living forms of beauty stand.

Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts:

So ever stands before the soul
A model beautiful and whole.

The perfect man that each should be,
Erect in true integrity.

Keep this, O Soul! before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright.

—Deaton's Radical Rhymes.

MRS. SMITH'S SHORT SERMONS.

NUMBER I.

THE SNOW.

As I sat here a few minutes ago,

the roof was bare; now two inches
of soft, feathery whiteness lies there.

Every little flake is a perfect crystal,
formed after its own law. Some are

like stars, some like flowers, and all
are beautiful and perfect in their
way. I always think that the snow
is the written word of charity. It
does not shun the blackest mud, and
lies as gently on the filth of the gut-
ter as on the branches of the elm. It
does not seem either as somber as
pity, but as gay as real love and
sympathy. There is not a blackened
leaf but is full of beauty under the
snow crystals, and the branches and
tendrils have a diviner blooming now.

Thus God's love is something better
than tenderness, it is a "clothing-
upon;" it is a rendering of beauty;
it is a unity of love. What should I
think of a snow storm that sought
out only the fair, soft places for its
gifts? I should have avalanches, and
slides and no sense of restful pro-
tection for anything. So I think are
beauty and goodness and God ever
equitable. I cannot see, if God is
good, why we do not all get equal
blessings, and I think it must be that
we do. Under the eye of the All-
bountiful, divine love must be as
equally shed as is the snow.

Another lesson of the snow is the
unity of beauty. Each flake has its sepa-
rate form and law of interior attrac-
tion, but as they lie together there
is no integration, but a unity of all
forms and individual life is merged
in the whole. Does not Infinity look
thus as the union of all forms and
individualities? Humanity, in its
separate parts, is God in its com-
bined whole, and under the gaze of
enlightened wisdom each does the
part of all, and all becomes responsi-
ble for a part. Truly, if the ocean
expresses infinity the snow is a type
of divine love, and charity, and spiri-
tual unity.

MRS. WOODHULL AND HER CRITICS.

Now that the excitement following

Mrs. Woodhull's lecture in New

York City has somewhat subsided,

and now matters of interest have

crowded upon the public mind we

can review dispassionately her posi-
tions and those of her opponents.

There is a class that is bound to con-
tend against her without attempting
to judge her from personal observa-
tion or from studying her method of
reasoning, or attending to her posi-
tions. Another class accepts all she
says for the same reasons, feeling
that in some way she is to be the
great emancipator of all law, order,
and social purity. There are, besides
these, those that calmly and with the
best interests of society in their
hearts, believe that she is fast un-
dermining the virtue and safety of
our people—and the opposing ratio-
nalists, that behold in her one of
the saviors of the world, the
great interpreter of truth and vir-
tue.

It is amusing to listen to the adverse

criticisms of all these, and it is
wonderful to think what a woman

has done. Mrs. Woodhull is another

Eve, who, snatching the fruit of
knowledge, brings discord and con-
tention. For ourselves, looking at
the great seething cauldron of hu-
man wrongs, we welcome any and
every word for right and truth, and
that Mrs. Woodhull has uttered
many, every one knows. The great
cause of misunderstanding between
her and the people, it seems to us,

is that she did not explain her posi-
tion fully. For instance, when she
said that she had a right to love one
man one day and another another day,
—to change the object of her affections
as often as she pleased, she did not
say that love is the living vital and
eternal principle of God, and there-
fore cannot change. To be sure,
she implied this in her remarks after-
wards, but we conceive that her rea-
soning was deficient when she stop-
ped to make severe statements, with-
out sufficiently building up her struc-
ture with self evident truths. We
believe Mrs. Woodhull felt in her
heart that it would be impossible for
her thus to change the object of her
love, and I believe every woman who
heard her felt the same. There, de-
manding the right to do the impossi-
ble was a false position.

As far as we are able to judge, this

position is the one that has brought
on her severe criticism, and it is a
criticism that we cannot believe she
really deserves, since we believe, were
she questioned, she would assert that
love is enduring, and not subject to
change. This position we have taken
for her in all discussion, and we
hope she will soon give full expression
to her views on love—the enduring,
and so fully separate it from lust,
that there can be no misunderstanding
of her true meaning.

If Mrs. Woodhull seeks a reward
for her efforts she cannot fail to find
it in the letter addressed to her from
one of the world's rejected ones.

Such an expression of gratitude
would cheer any woman's heart, and
it proves clearly that her class of suf-
ferers need only the right kind of
help to leave their false and unhap-
py condition. They want a true
recognition of the causes that have
put them and held them, in their po-
sition and not that kind of sympathy
that makes them an isolated and pro-
scribed class and not subject to the
same influences that move the rest
of mankind. Mrs. Woodhull can well
do without popular applause if she
can help those that need help more
than any others in the whole world.

As we looked about that crowd in
Steinway Hall, we recalled the days
of excitement that followed the anti-
slavery movement, and remembered
Abby Foster's vehement assertion,

"We must agitate, agitate, agitate."

Truly Mrs. Woodhull is the bravest

of the brave for daring to hold up
the wrongs of the social system for
the world's execration; let her not
lose her ground by any statements
that are not based upon the great
principles of love, justice and equal-
ity. So nobly does Mrs. Stanton
write of her in the *Golden Age*, that
we cannot forbear from giving the
part of her letter that bears upon the
subject under consideration.

Mrs. Woodhull's speeches and writings

on all the great questions of national life

are beyond anything yet produced by man

or woman on our platform. What if foul-
mouthed scandal, with its many tongues

seeks to defile her? Shall we ignore
champion like this? Admit for the sake of
argument that all men say of her is true—
though it is false—that she has been or is
a courtesan in sentiment and practice.

When a woman of this class shall suddenly
devote herself to the study of the grave
problems of life, brought there by profound
thought or sad experience, and with new
faith and hope struggles to redeem the
errors of the past by a grand life in the
future, shall we not welcome her to the bet-
ter place she desires to hold? There is to
me a sacredness in individual experience
that it seems like a profanation to search
into and expose. Victoria C. Woodhull
stands before us to-day a grand, brave wo-
man, radical alike in political, religious and
social principles. Her face and form indi-
cate the complete triumph in her nature of
the spiritual over the sensual. The pro-
cesses of her education are little to us; the
grand result is everything. Are our bril-
liant flowers less fragrant, our luscious
fruits less palatable, because the debris of
sewers and barn-yards have enveloped them?
The nature that can pass through all phases
of moral degradation, rise again purity
and temptation in all its forms, and yet
maintain a purity and dignity of character
through all, gives unmistakable proof of its
high origin, its divinity.

The *Lilium Laudibile*, that magnificent
lily, so white and pure that it looks as if it
ne'er could battle with the wind and storm,
that queen of flowers, flourishes in all soils,
braves all winds and weathers, sunshine
and rain, heat and cold, and with its feet
in frozen clods still lifts its pure white face
forever toward the stars.

When I think of the merciless and con-
tinued persecution of that little woman by
the entire press of this nation, I blush for
humanity. In the name of woman, let me
thank you for so generously defending her.

In reading the reports of her Steinway
speech, I could see nothing so monstrously
immoral on which to base the severe edi-
torial comments of our journals. It seems
to me that the Legislatures of our several
states, in granting eighteen causes for di-
vorce, and in their bills to license prostitu-
tion by the state, are more legitimate tar-
gets for the press of a nation than one suf-
fering woman who has been most unjustly
scarified in her own flesh by the iron teeth
of the law.

EASTERN NOTES.

BOSTON.

It was pleasant to renew inter-
course even for a brief time with old
friends in Boston who have preserved
their interest and friendship for us
through the years that have inter-
vened since the course of Harvard
professors drew their hearts to us in
sympathy. It was grandly inspiring
to stand in the presence of such an
audience as assembled in Music Hall,
Sunday afternoon, Dec. 10th, to lis-
ten to our second lecture. The hall
was richly and beautifully decorated.
The preceding evening there had
been a concert by the children of the
public schools for the entertainment
of the Grand Duke Alexis, and the
decorations were left hanging over
the Sunday. This was a part of
Boston's programme for the enter-
tainment of this young scion of the
royal house of Romanoff. We never
more fully realized how hungry peo-
ple are for spiritual facts than while
standing before this large audience
that listened with rapt and almost
breathless attention as we narrated
the experiences that we had in the
facts and phenomena of Spiritualism
in Europe, and our observations of
the progress our cause is making in
England, France, and Italy.

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

For the Present Age.

VOICE OF OUR SPIRIT FRIENDS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We come, we come from a land of love,
To dry your tearful eyes,
To tell you of your home above,
Beyond the mortal skies.

We come with power to conquer death,
To break the chains of fear,
To open the gates of spirit life,
And show its shining ware.

To soothe the spirit bowed with pain,
To answer doubts that sting,
And to the hearts where sorrows reign,
A balm from Gilead bring.

We come, we come from realms of light,
To lead you to the shore,
Where angels dwell in calm delight,
Forever, ever more.

For the Present Age.

LOVING JESUS.

BY JAMES G. CLAIRE.

Most of the love professed for Jesus is too gross to be at all vitalizing in its influence. A large majority of professing Christians indicate by their public conduct and conversation that they love him as they might love a Newfoundland dog that was harbored on the premises to save members of the family from drowning. They do not even pretend to love him for his beautiful and loveable element of character. Many of them have lived year after year in the most intimate historical knowledge of his noble, self-sacrificing life, and yet remained indifferent and unmoved until convinced by some revivalist that they were going direct to hell unless they "loved Jesus." The very soul of their "love" and their "religion" finds fit expression in doggerel like this:

"For you must be a lover in the Lord
Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

To illustrate the case, we will suppose a preacher were to visit the old home of the late George Peabody, and preach as follows to a large congregation of the dead philanthropist's debtors:

"My dear friends, I have come to inform you that your late honored and wealthy fellow-citizen and creditor, George Peabody, made ample provision in his will for every debtor present, and that you may reap the benefit of his generosity, having your debts canceled and being made independently rich for life, on the sole condition that you fall upon your knees in public and beseech his spirit, (which is now present importuning you) to accept of you as his heirs. In case of your refusing to love, praise, and glorify him, your debts are to remain uncanceled and your creditors shall persecute, imprison, and torture you to the end of your days."

Doubtless, if the preacher had sufficient magnetic force to put his hearers "under conviction," the result would be a general rush to the "altar," and a perfect babel of agonizing supplications and "wrestlings with the spirit." Every person present, save here and there an honest and energetic one who preferred to work and pay his just debts, would be taken with an irresistible spasm of "love for George," and with a meek and humble countenance "take up his cross and follow him." But in the name of common sense and common sincerity, I ask if such allegiance could be at all saving in its relation to individual character? On the other hand, would it not be damning and debasing because utterly selfish? Yet this is a fair illustration of the soul and body of every "sound" orthodox gospel sermon, the stock in trade of every successful "evangelist," from Hammond down, and the solitary tone played by every "praying band" in the work of recruiting the depleted armies of the church. Is it any wonder that the church is "fall of dead men's bones," when the grand object, viz., disinterested humanitarian effort, for which Jesus lived, labored, and died, is regarded as secondary, and lost sight of in a special race and scramble for the individual share of spoils and prize money?

"He that saveth his life shall lose it," possibly means, "He that saveth his soul shall lose it."

A naturally generous man becomes a struggling brute under a sense of drowning and will not hesitate to strangle helpless women and children in the effort to save himself. Other

same principle any influence which is calculated to convince men that their souls, without regard to their characters, must at death sink in a sea of endless punishment unless they catch hold of some object which they may convert into a "life preserver," tends to render them narrow and brutal, and to dwarf their souls to such a degree that they are scarcely worth saving. It is a notorious fact that those men and women who have the most to tell of what "Jesus has done for them," are usually of that class who do the least for others, and who accomplish little or nothing of a practical nature for themselves, even to the extent of redeeming their lives from the poisonous and degrading bondage of stimulants and narcotics, and their hearts and tongues from the low business of inventing and retailing slanders concerning their neighbors. Threats of hell and promises of a spiritual "bankrupt act," have accomplished their mission of demoralization. What we now need is enlightenment regarding the inevitable effects of sin and law-breaking in this life, a logical sense of its consequences upon the so-called "regenerated," no less than upon the "unconverted." And it is here that our clergy are, with few exceptions, blind leaders of the blind. I have talked with scores of them, men whom I love and respect for their warm hearts, and for their fidelity to the truth, as seen through their creeds, who will unhesitatingly say to people outside the church: "My unregenerated friends, it is true that we are all sinners alike, but while your sins are accumulating against you day after day, ours are daily washed out and forgiven because we have an advocate with the Father." Some of these men are slaves of tobacco, and of intemperate diet, and doubtless pray daily to be delivered from despondency. Why does not their "advocate" deliver them? Solely because God himself cannot help them till they first help themselves by right living. There is no power in the universe that can ultimately "damn" an individual who obeys the laws of his being, because in doing this he obeys all of God's law that can touch him. When religion teaches men this principle, it will deride and retain our highest respect and allegiance and never till then.

The church claims to be God's standing army on earth, but it must either forsake its "Quaker guns" and pasteboard forts, and march forward side by side, with the armies of science and reform, or allow its modern conquests to be embalmed with those of Sancho Panza. Any middle-aged man can recall the time when a few "heretics" and "fanatics" risked their property, their good names, and frequently their lives, in the fruitless endeavor to convince the American churches that drunkenness, rumselling, and human bondage were not perfectly consistent with good Christian character. It is true this proves nothing as regards depravity or saintliness, but much concerning the impudence of evangelical assumption. When we see that all those reforms which tend to educate and elevate society do not commence in the church and work out, but on the other hand, that they commence outside the church and work in—and very slowly at that—we are forced to conclude that the church, while being a good police force among a certain class, is really a cowardly leader and a poor civilizer, and that the world must look for its pioneers among those heterodox reformers, and explorers in science, whom theologians take delight in stoning and crucifying for the crime of losing sight of their own imaginary "salvation" in an effort to benefit and develop their race.

The various methods of proselyting, conducting revivals, and "getting religion" have already degenerated into mere child's play and comedy in the estimation of the more intelligent among clergy and laity, but theologians have so long ignored natural and preached supernatural means, that they have become as workmen who have lost their tools. I once knew a father and mother in Israel who, month after month, and year after year, endeavored to make their three sons dutiful by offering them candy, or frightening them with "bear stories," while they rarely appealed to a higher motive for obedience. After a time the boys "got used to it" and would sit passively under a shower of promises or a storm of threats, making mouths, and saying "fetch on the bears." The parents meant well but acted like fools. The boys grew up with undisciplined passions, and to-day two are drunkards, and the third is working out his salvation in Auburn prison. The neighbors are yet wondering that the sons of such pious parents could turn out so badly. Those parents sowed to the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

And so the church, while neglecting to instruct men in the laws governing soul and body, has been incoherently babbling about the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" and promising a heaven or threatening a hell in the dim distance, neither of which were really deserved. Mark the result. I am aware that rich and fashionable churches—those "private boxes" and "dress circles" in Zion's drama—together with papal institutions, where the congregation are drilled under a driver's whip, still sustain a show of prosperity. But from the pulpit of nearly every unpretending country church a wail goes up from the pastor's lips because of "public indifference to appointed means of grace."

Promises of good things without money and without price, are plenty, but men have, of necessity, learned to regard God's universal law of compensation, and they make sport of prize candy venders, who offer five dollars in gold for twenty-five cents in currency. Threats still ascend like Fourth of July night rockets and like rockets explode in the ether above the heads of the crowd, and no one is hurt or even frightened. Theology instead of cultivating and improving the natural flowers and fruits of the human heart, as man has done by the products of the soil has wasted centuries in the effort to blast and uproot them, and to substitute a foreign plant in their place. And now, when the exotic is beginning to wither and the miserable fraud of "substitution" is passing away forever and revealing the truth of individual responsibility, the clergy stand aghast, and in their blindness and fear ask, if "God can make these dry bones live."

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The church while pronouncing human natures devilish, has in the same breath appealed to the most selfish plane of "depraved human nature" for an endorsement of the slander, thundering in the ears of poor frightened humanity, "Shut your eyes and discard your reason; say yes, and be saved; say no, and be damned." And lo! selfishness, now that the fright is over, sits on the stool of indifference and self-indulgence insensible to her frantic cries.

Burn every green thing from the face of the land and the life-principle remains in the soil to reassert itself. And theology which first burned all the accumulated results of previous systems and bequeathed to us the Dark Ages, and has since striven to subdue all faith in human nature and all faith in God, outside the lids of an ancient record written by earnest but imperfect men, shall yet acknowledge that under all the charred blackness, our Father still lives in the soil of every human breast, ready to speak when we are ready to listen and obey.

ATTACHMENT TO NEWSPAPERS.—The strong attachment of subscribers to well conducted newspapers is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper," words of dread to beginners in business, lose their terror after a paper has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as hard to break by an outside third party as the links which bind old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its perusal for years. They sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which had slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it; but the absence of the familiar sheet at their homes or office for a few weeks, becomes an insupportable deprivation, and they hasten to take it again, and possibly apologize for having it stopped. This we may believe to be the common experience in the history of all established papers. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the reader for a journal which makes an honest and earnest effort to merit his continued support. Hence, the newspaper which is conscientiously conducted becomes a favorite in the family.

For the Present Age.

PRAYER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

If the order of nature is unchangeable, of what avail is prayer? Apollonius, who was not enlightened by the mysteries of Christian revelation, truthfully said: "A man may worship the Deity far more truly than other mortals, though he neither sacrifice animals nor consecrate any living thing to that God whom we call the First. Pure spirit, the most beautiful portion of our being, has no need of external organs to make itself understood by the omnipresent Essence."

Porphyry says of prayer, "It produces a sort of union between the gods and the just who resemble them."

Prayer, the earnest desire of the heart, is quite distinct from the spoken verbiage which a parrot may learn as well. The child, too young to understand the meaning of words, is taught that there is efficacy in a little prayer, lisped on retiring. What does it know of the Infinite? Is there not a striking similarity between the situation of the child lisping a prayer it does not comprehend, addressed to a being it does not know, and the grave deacon, repeating in church meeting a memorized formula for the thousandth time, praising the forbearance of that unknown Being, and demeaning his sinful self? How far removed is the pompous preacher, reciting his well-learned lesson, revealing God's mercy by rote? They all think they are doing what is best for them, what their religious education requires, and are equally self-satisfied as the Indian who prays to Quahootze, "let me live, not be sick, find enemy, not foes, not fear him, find him asleep, kill a great many of him;" or the Huron who offers tobacco to Oki, saying, "Help us, save us from shipwreck, defend us from enemies, give us good trade, bring us back to our village safe." In some countries written prayers are attached to a wheel, turned by water-power, and every minute of the day a prayer is presented to the sky. Who can say that the praying wheel is not as efficacious as the praying parson? The requirements of prejudice are met by these several methods. Some striving soul may have found relief in formulated prayer, and thus it came into general use. Some may yet find in it relief. It has become a part of religion. Family service is as essential as church going, and is the means whereby the theological crust is formed around the young mind, in after years to harden and press out its spiritual energies.

We change nothing by prayer but ourselves. We cannot in the least affect external nature. If a ship were freighted with a thousand saints, their united prayers would not keep her afloat if there was a plank torn from her side. If prayer gives us strength and courage it is well; but far better the self-reliance of the strong soul, depending on no external power. The divine purpose moves onward as heedless of demands as the locomotive of the school-boy's cry.

GHOST SEEING.—Grace Greenwood, in a letter from Idaho, repeats this little ghost story told her by a fellow-traveller: "An officer of the commissary, while on one of his business expeditions to one of these mountain tribes, was sitting one night in a wigwam, with several chiefs, smoking and conversing amicably, when suddenly the Indians sprang up with looks of terror and ran out. He followed and inquired the meaning of the stampede, and was told that the ghost of a lately deceased brave had appeared in their midst. He looked back into the wigwam and saw only the favorite dog of the departed chief, which was behaving very strangely, leaping up and fawning on the air, with every sign of canine delight and affection. The awe-stricken Indians said: 'He sees his master.' How they saw him, when the white man could not, I did not learn, nor for how long the dog's vision lingered; but it is pleasant to think that the poor animal's loving demonstrations could not have been cut short by a brutal blow or a kick. I think if I were the dog, or squaw of a noble savage, I should prefer him in such an unsubstantial shape. This animal seership is not a new idea. I remember a beautiful old picture of the 'Nativity of the Virgin,' by Murillo, in which no one of

a large group of elderly gossips and pretty maidens come to see the baby, perceives an angel also looking on with mild interest; but a dog evidently sees the celestial visitor, and is sniffing in an awe-struck manner at his cerulean robes."

MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION ON SPIRITUALISTS.

Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Convention, held at Battle Creek, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1871.

The Association was called to order by the President, who, in a brief speech, expressed his gratification at seeing so many present at our annual gathering, and was happy to assure all that Spiritualism was not running out, but down into the hearts of its believers, teaching them that the revelations of truth are to lead to honesty, purity and a noble life, for their future as well as present elevation and happiness. The minutes of the last annual and semi-annual meetings were read by the secretary, and on motion approved. Some discussion arose as to who were members of the Association, which seemed to bring out the idea that all present were equally interested in the cause of truth and progress. It was therefore on motion resolved that all present at the meeting be invited to consider themselves as members of this Association, and entitled to the rights and privileges of the same. A business committee of five was appointed by the president, consisting of J. Ashley, Mrs. D. N. Brown, R. Reed, S. B. McCracken, and Mrs. C. Fisher. Father Woodworth then addressed the Association on individual freedom as growing out of Spiritualism. T. H. Stewart, of Indiana spoke of his growth out of orthodox and embrace of Spiritualism, and Dr. Spinney as an investigator of truth at all times and places. The business committee reported for the evening a business meeting, a conference, an address by T. H. Stewart, and music by Mrs. Mossop.

S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, spoke of a meeting in Detroit of Free Religionists, those who deny the orthodox idea of religious terms and dogmas, and it was resolved to send the following telegram to said meeting: The Michigan Association of Spiritualists greets the Free Religionists Association, and trusts that fraternity and co-operation for the good of the human family may characterize all religious bodies. E. C. MANCHESTER, Pres.

Adjourned, until half-past 6 P. M. EVENING SESSION.

The president made the announcement for the evening. Father Woodworth spoke of the tendency of truth to advance the church. Not so. There are men who outgrow the church dogmas, but the church does not grow except backward. S. B. McCracken spoke of the passing over the river of Mrs. Slade not long since, and A. B. Whiting, presenting resolutions in view of said change. Since the last meeting of this body A. B. Whiting had closed his earthly labors and passed on to the spirit land. He therefore moved the appointment of a committee to arrange and prepare a memorial service on the bodily absence of our friend and brother, A. B. Whiting. The president appointed as said committee, S. B. McCracken, Mrs. Farnsworth and W. F. Jamieson.

The following beautiful original words, by A. M. Jordan, were read and sung:

We meet you to-night
With hearts true and strong,
And happy are we
As our song we prolong,
Well knowing that spirits,
The brightest and best
Are with us this evening
Our labors to bless.

And now, loving friends,
We welcome you here;
The angels are nigh
To comfort and cheer.
Though foes may be many,
We never can fail,
With truth as our guide
We shall surely prevail.

Mrs. Mossop then addressed the Association in an able manner, after which the meeting was declared adjourned until 9 A. M., Saturday morning.

SECOND DAY.

Association called to order and an interesting conference enjoyed upon the topic, "Amusements necessary for recreation, culture, growth and usefulness," participated in by Dr. Williams, S. B. McCracken, W. F. Jamieson, J. Ashley, A. Stegeman and others. The president then announced as committee on finance, Dr. A. B. Spinney, L. S. Burdick, Dr. J. V. Spencer, Mrs. H. Loomis, Mrs. Dr. Farnsworth. On motion of J. Brown a committee of five was appointed by the meeting to select the names of officers of the Association for the coming year. Mrs. J. G. Wait, Mrs. J. Brown, L. S. Burdick, Mrs. Gardner and S. B. McCracken

were so appointed, and instructed to report in the afternoon. Dr. A. B. Spinney then ably addressed the meeting, on "Humanity's Saviors," affirming that the churches, with all their efforts, do not suppress intolerance and debasement, break the chain of bondage, or lead to purity and freedom. With all the prayers to the great God, and sermons to the people, our jails are fast filling up, our asylums full, and pauperism largely on the increase. The world's saviors are love of truth, of purity, our fellows and our angel guides. The world is damned with theory. With the present light of the world we should understand the wants of mankind, woman in all departments of life, and strength to labor for the lowly, that we become not so many Spiritualists merely, but true men and women.

W. F. Jamieson then read a poem from the late work of Lizzie Doten, after which Mrs. Baker, of Chicago, addressed the meeting upon the "Lectures and Lyceum Banners," advocating the rights of children, and their education. On motion of S. B. McCracken a committee of three ladies were appointed to pass through the audience and solicit subscribers for the Lyceum Banner. Mrs. S. M. Rockwell, Mrs. C. Fisher, and Mrs. Gardner were appointed said committee.

Adjourned until 2 P. M. AFTERNOON SESSION.

The following resolution was presented and adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to inquire into the practicability of establishing, or encouraging the establishment in this state of a periodical which shall be an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and of liberal thought, and that such committee be instructed to report at a subsequent meeting of this Association.

S. B. McCracken, Dr. A. B. Spinney, J. P. Averill, Mrs. L. E. Drake, and Mrs. Cartwright, were appointed said committee. The committee appointed for the nomination of officers, presented a report which was accepted. On motion, and by ballot, the following persons were declared elected officers of the Association for the ensuing year: E. C. Manchester, President; J. P. Averill, Secretary; Mrs. S. M. Rockwell, Treasurer; A. Kinney, Mrs. Sarah Fox, Sturgis, N. J. Waterman, Coldwater, regular Trustees; Hon. S. M. Green, Bay City, Trustee, to fill vacancy.

Rev. T. H. Stewart then addressed the Association in an able and effective manner.

Col. D. M. Fox being present, presented the claims of the Present Age in such a style as to reach the hearts of the people, asking for support, not simply because it had sustained great losses by fire, but because he would make it a good paper and well worth the price asked for the same.

Adjourned until half-past 6 P. M. EVENING SESSION.

An interesting conference meeting was enjoyed for a season, after which Mrs. Mossop addressed the Association.

Adjourned until 9 o'clock Sunday morning.

THIRD DAY.

Conference meeting of one hour, participated in by Stegeman, Spencer, Fox and Wilson. Mrs. Penoyer, of Saginaw, spoke in a trance condition, controlled by an Indian spirit, "picking some bones," being both amusing and instructive. At the close of the conference, G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, gave a lecture, claiming that our present system is given to be a means by which to lift us up to the light, in harmony with progress, and should make us perfect men and women. After the address a memorial service was had on the passing of A. B. Whiting from the outer to the unseen spiritual life, and recognizing him as absent in form but present in spirit at this annual gathering of Spiritualists.

J. P. AVERILL, Sec'y.

[The conclusion of the secretary's report, arriving too late for publication in this number, will appear next week. E. C. MANCHESTER, Pres.]

RAIN.

In a lecture at Norwich recently, Mr. James Glaisher, F. R. S., said: "The whole of the rain had its origin and fell 800 feet from the earth. Desiring to discover the influence of the moon on the elements, he took observations, and discovered, after a long series of observations, that on the ninth day of the moon there was the most rain, and that on the first and last week of the moon, there was the least amount. He had taken account from 1815 to 1869 of every day on which there had been an inch of rainfall, and he had found that on July 26, 1867, the rainfall amounted to 3.7-10th inches the largest amount that had fallen in one day at the Royal Observatory. From careful observations he had made, he had no doubt that the moon did exercise influence upon rain. Another investigation that he made was as to the time of day that rain fell most, and he had found that the largest quantity of rain fell at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

SCIENTIFIC.

For the Present Age.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

NUMBER XL.

BY PROF. E. WHITTLE.

Common limestone is a compound embracing three elements—calcium, oxygen, and carbon. Calcium and oxygen unite to form the oxide, or quick lime, and this again unites with carbonic acid to form the carbonate of lime, which is the material of limestones. With sulphuric acid and water, the oxide of calcium forms sulphate of lime, or gypsum. It is a fact of some importance that the formation of limestone beds was cotemporary with the advent of life on the globe. The position of this material in the system of nature is that of a medium between the organic and inorganic kingdoms. It plays an important part in lower forms of life, forming the protective envelopes of shells and corals, is made into bone and tissue by the higher animals, and then turned over to the inorganic world as constituents of rocks.

The silurian age is one of the most important connected with the history of the planet. It was the era that witnessed the advent of life, and when we remember the important place which the animated beings of our globe have occupied, their introduction and their history are problems of gravest import. With expectant wonder we enter the subterranean vaults, and walk among the sepulchers of the ancient dead. And what do we find among the earliest beings that sported in the old primeval seas? the bones of giants, traces of men? the remains of birds, horses, and elephants? the fruits, the grains, and grasses? Nothing of the kind! But we do find what we should naturally look for in an age when the seas covered the land; when no elevations existed higher than the Canadian hills; when a tropical climate extended to the poles, and all the physical conditions were of the most simple character: we find an immense array of beings which belong to the lower grades of life such as are fitted to live in the sea and along its shores; the radiates, mollusks, and articulate among animals, and the sea-weeds among plants, are the highest in grade of structure which have yet been detected, the two kingdoms being cotemporary in their origin and representing two sides of one system of life. Dana says, in "Manual of Geology," p. 375:

"The earliest species were water-species and all of them marine. Radiates, mollusks, and articulate, comprise all known species of animals, and sea-weeds all the plants until the close of the silurian. In all divisions of the kingdoms of life the species made for the water are of inferior grade."

The same high authority is of the opinion that life commenced with still humbler structures, in the azoic rocks, below the silurian.

"The remains of rhizopods have been detected in the azoic rocks of Ottawa, Canada. These rhizopods, although animals, are extremely low in the scale—little above the spores of sea-weed, so that, if existing then, they simply foreshadowed the future animal kingdom."

The two higher kingdoms of life, then, were first represented by homogeneous structures, which represented a parallelism in simplicity with the physical aspects of the globe, and this parallelism is maintained throughout the successive epochs. As the strata multiply, the land becomes more extended, the climates more various, life acquires a greater diversity in its forms and higher specialization in grade of structure.

Before we shall be prepared to understand the significance of the fossil records, it will be necessary to briefly indicate the manner in which the animal kingdom is classified. The word *kingdom* embraces the largest group of objects. Thus there are three kingdoms in nature, the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. These are subdivided into divisions, each division being again subdivided into classes, the classes into orders, the orders into genera, and the genera into species. The wide diversities of form represented by the animal kingdom, are embraced in these classifications. Slight distinctions of structure would separate two individuals into two distinct species, which would yet be included in the same genera, order and class, as the wolf and dog. Some-

what broader distinctions would separate the individuals, not only into distinct species, but also into distinct genera, as the bear and lion. Still greater diversities would refer the individuals to distinct classes, as the fish and reptile; then we meet with distinctions so wide, that the term *division* must be employed to include them, as mollusks and articulate. And finally, the features become so marked, that we no longer include the structures that display them, in the same kingdom, as vegetables and animals.

Notwithstanding the surprising diversities that distinguish the animal kingdom, yet they all arise out of a unitary basis. All animals possess the same fundamental organs, and the variety which arises in the course of development chiefly depends upon the greater or lesser development of parts which all possess in common. Class distinctions are therefore dependent upon limitations of form, and according to the greater or lesser divergence of these limitations, will be their special groupings from the larger divisions all the way down to species.

Agassiz takes the ground that all the primary divisions of the animal kingdom exist as categories of thought, embodied in individual living forms. And further, that the divisions or branches of the animal kingdom are modeled on four distinct plans of structure; that classes are founded upon different modes of execution of these plans; that orders represent the different degrees of complication in the mode of execution of each class; that genera are founded upon ultimate peculiarities of structure, and that species are based upon the relation of parts and proportions of form that fall within a narrow range of variability. The four leading types of structure upon which the animal kingdom is modeled, are as follows:

First. Radiates, including all animals that have the different parts of the structure arranged like rays around a central axis, like a flower or star. They are provided with a mouth and stomach for eating and digestion. Indeed, some of these animals are nearly all stomach, having but one receptacle, and that for receiving food, being thus closely related to some members of the highest vertebrates. The sponges, polyps, crinoids, and star-fishes, are examples in this division. The radiates embrace three classes, the echinoderms, the aculeophs, and the polyps. The star-fish belongs to the first, the jelly-fish to the second, and the coral animals to the third class.

Second. Mollusks, including all animals with a soft body, which is covered with a protective shell, without radiate or articulate structure. Their parts are arranged around two sides of a longitudinal axis, so that they have a right and a left, features wanting in the radiates. To this group belong the shell-fishes, the oyster, clam, and snail. The mollusks are usually divided into three classes: first, the bivalves, embracing the oyster and clam; second, the univalves, as the snail; third, the multivalves, or many chambered shells, including the nautilus and ammonite. Class distinctions of this division are sometimes founded on different characters, as accephals, or headless mollusks; cephalites, having a head; and cephalopods, having the head furnished with feet. The soft body of the mollusk is covered with a loose skin, or mantle, from which the shell is secreted by the transudation of the carbonate of lime to the surface. In the univalves this mantle is reflexed over the exterior of the shell, from which the latter obtains the materials for its growth.

Third. Articulates, having a soft body, protected with a dermal crust, which is disposed in a series of articulations or rings, as worms, crustaceans, and insects. A nervous cord traverses the internal cavity, which is also disposed into ganglionic centers at each segment of the body. The worms, crustaceans, and insects represent the three classes into which articulates are divided. The earth-worm and leech are examples of the first, the crab and lobster, of the second, and the beetle, honey-bee, spider, and scorpion, of the third class.

Fourth. Vertebrates include all animals having an internal jointed skeleton, around which the soft parts are disposed. The vertebra is the fundamental type of structure; the ribs, legs, and arms being simply processes and appendages thrown out by the vertebra. The trunk has two cavities, the visceral and nervous, the latter being embraced by the skull which also extends into the vertebral column, and is occupied by the brain and spinal cord. The vertebrates include four classes, as fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals. To the latter class man belongs. The vertebrate series are of great interest to the geologist, and I shall frequently allude to them in the course of this investigation.

OTHER WORLDS.

Every few years people seem to have what may be called an attack of other-worldliness. The question comes up and is discussed with great interest, whether other stars or planets have inhabitants like ours. As science has made great progress of late, and we know more about the sky, and what used to be thought to be pin-holes in it, than ever before, this question can be treated more intelligently now than when it last engaged public attention.

After all, however, we know very little of the stars, or planets, except the sun, and moon, and the planets nearest us, so that if we do inquire for inhabitants in the others we shall receive no answer. We may knock at the door, but it will not be opened to us.

First, then, let us apply to our Sun. He is certainly no stranger to us. As for size, he could surely find room for inhabitants. He weighs 740 times as much as all the planets. Were we transported to his surface our own weight would crush us; so great would be the attraction of gravitation. There are also grave suspicions that he is a ball of red-hot iron, soda, etc., into which red-hot meteors are continually plunging, causing explosions of flaming gas, and tremendous discharges of electricity. The sun is probably continually lightning, and we do not hear the thunder only because we are so distant; so we can hardly consider our solar centre as a desirable place of residence.

Our moon is supposed to be a globe of hard rocks, covered with immense mountains, and profound chasms, but without a shred of atmosphere. It is therefore exposed to terrible heat from the sun by day and equally terrible cold by night. There is no water to drink and no vegetables to eat; so we shall certainly decline an invitation to live there, and shall not regard any lunatics who make it their abode as our brethren.

Let us try the planet Mercury next, for whether there is another planet nearer the sun, called Vulcan, is very doubtful. Our little friend does not march round the sun in a circle, and when nearest the sun he receives ten and a-half times more light and heat than we do, and when farthest off half as much. The heat at the tropics must therefore be somewhat scorching, unless he is provided with an umbrella of thick clouds. It may also be so arranged that his summer occurs like ours, when he is farthest from the sun, and his winter when he is nearest. Even then the sun must look to the Mercurials two or three times as large as to us. We think the climate must be rather trying on this planet, but still tribes like the Hottentots and Bushmen might manage to exist there; and if they do they doubtless imagine that nothing could possibly be finer than their Mercury.

Venus is so much like our earth that it would hardly hurt us to emigrate to the planet of love. It has an atmosphere like ours; for when it is harned, its horns extend beyond a semicircle, a feature caused by atmospheric projections. But Venus is always so near the rising or setting sun that it cannot be observed to great advantage.

Mars is very differently situated. It has been observed so closely that its seas and continents have been mapped out and names given to them. Its seasons are like ours. The clouds may be seen to gather and clear away again. There must be rain, and as seas imply volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, there must be mountains and rivers. On the whole the Martial people must be nearest of kin to us; our cousins-Martials if not german.

Next in order comes the giant Jupiter. There have been great speculations as to his possible inhabitants. The attraction of gravitation is two and a-half times greater than the earth, a man would therefore weigh two and a-half pounds there for one pound here. In order to weigh the same his height must be reduced to two and a-half feet. A man twice as high as another is eight times as heavy, and four times as powerful, but on account of his weight only half as active. Reasoning in this way we might conclude that the denizens of Jupiter must be mere pigmies, among whom Gen. Tom Thumb would be exhibited as a giant.

Jupiter, however, has been found to resemble the sun, especially in itself giving out light and heat, and being subject to electric storms, and it is more probable that its moons are inhabited than itself.

The same may be said of Saturn. It appears to be undergoing vast changes, which would present an immensely glorious and interesting spectacle to people on its moons, but would not admit any inhabitants in the least degree resembling us, to reside upon its surface.

With regard to Uranus, that is certain which is not fixed with regard to Mercury, that the inclination of its equator to the plane of its orbit is very great, so that in some latitudes the inhabitants would never see the sun for twenty years, and could not therefore exist. It is, of course, still less likely that Neptune is tenanted like our earth.

PHENOMENAL.

GHOSTS.

A HAUNTED HOUSE—THE FAMILY DRIVEN OUT OF IT BY TROUBLE-SOME GHOSTS.

Mr. Nailan and his family have lived in the house on the southwest corner of Eighteenth and Poplar streets for years, and have never been disturbed by mortal or immortal until lately, but now the gentleman and his family are being persecuted in an unaccountable manner by black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray.

Last Saturday evening the spirits—it or they must be spirits—commenced in earnest their work of persecution. Mr. Nailan, who is a drayman, had fed his horse and was about to return to the house. Coming out of the stable, he closed the door behind him, when, to his astonishment, it suddenly flew open. Closing the door again, and very carefully, he was utterly confounded to have it fly wide open with sudden violence. Again the door was closed, and again it was thrown open, more violently than before!

Mr. Nailan, astonished as he well might be, abandoned the attempt to overcome the objections of the stable door to remain closed, and, somewhat hurriedly, betook himself to the house, where he related the incident which had so astounded him. Of course, the family laughed at the recital, saying "it must be father's imagination." After supper, the family became aware of an unusual presence in the house, not seen but felt, and they began to hear strange noises. The fall of footsteps was heard, now in this room, now in that. The furniture began to be agitated and make peculiar sounds. Finally, a voice was heard saying: "You must leave this house or we will kill you." This threat was audibly repeated several times, and, as may be imagined, the persecuted family became alarmed. Search was made, but the presence of no human being, not a member of the family, could be detected.

On Sunday morning the family carefully locked the house and attended divine worship at Father O'Halloran's church. When they returned to the house what was their dismay to find written in many places—on the walls, ceilings and doors—the words: "Leave, or we will kill you." All the doors were as securely locked when they returned as when they left the house.

Now thoroughly alarmed, the services of a spiritual medium were secured. In response to the invocation of the medium, the spirits indicated their presence. "What do you wish this family to do?" inquired the medium. "We want them to leave this house," was the reply. Father O'Halloran was then sent for, but all his efforts to exorcise the spirits were unavailing. They continued to threaten, and at last the frightened family, hastily packing up a portion of their goods, fled from the haunted house. Yesterday they completed the work of removal, and the spiritual presence and threats remain a mystery yet. Here, now, is an opportunity for our spiritual people which we hope they will not permit to go by unimproved.—*Chicago Daily Bulletin.*

A DREAM THAT TURNED OUT "WELL."

The Hartford Times states as fact the following curious story, which would go to convince us that sometimes the "stuff that dreams are made of" is not all moonshine:

One of our prominent and wealthy citizens had purchased a slightly piece of land outside the city, but within the town limits; and the purchaser was troubled because he had been told that he could not get water, owing to the elevated position of his land, without digging farther Chinaward than any one would be likely to undertake.

As we said, this troubled him. He wanted a well on his place, and although a man of energy, one who never allowed any obstacle, no matter how great, to turn him from his path, he hesitated long before he undertook this task. The thought of excavating for a well through half a mile (more or less) of solid rock was enough to deter the stoutest heart.

At this juncture, before he had resolved on any thing definite, he dreamed he had set a gang of men to work digging for a well on a certain (to his mind) well-defined spot, and that after digging a few feet, before the rock was reached, water came in abundance.

The gentleman, though not superstitious, and holding dreams as lightly as any body, was more impressed with his sleeping vision than he would have cared to acknowledge. At first he would have scouted the idea of treating the subject seriously enough to put a spade into the earth at the spot indicated in his dream; but, do what he would, he could not dismiss the dream from his mind, and finally he resolved to test it, but without any real belief that his dream would be verified. He set his men to work, and, strange to relate, after digging fifteen feet, water abundantly flowed, and thus the dream fully came to pass.

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It is one of the wonders of journalism—the editorial management of HARPER'S.—*The Nation, N. Y.*

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The Bazar is excellent. Like all the periodicals which the Harper family publish it is almost faultless in its editing, and the class of readers for whom it is intended—the mothers and daughters in every range of families—cannot but profit by its good advice and good taste, which, we have to doubt, are to-day making very many homes happier than they may have been before the women began taking lessons in personal and household and social management from this good-natured mentor.—*The Nation, N. Y.*

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We have received this handsome volume, and heartily congratulate the publishers on its elegant style. The mechanical portion of the book is beautifully executed. The letter-press cannot be excelled, and we think they may well feel proud of their first offering.

It is impossible in a brief notice to give anything like a review of this work. Parts of it are of thrilling interest. It might be objected that the character of Clara Gordon is overdrawn, but we think that the annals of crime reveal few counterparts; indeed in the sphere of our own social life we know a woman who would brook at nothing to attain her purposes. She has driven one noble man to suicide and has wrought misery in many families. So that in reality, there is no fiction that finds no parallel to real life. We trust the book may have a large sale and the company be able readily to place other works of equal merit and beauty before the public. —F. L. H. WELLS, in Present Age.

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[Continued from First Page.]

We visited the Free Circle Rooms, at the office of the *Banner of Light*, and attended two of Mrs. Conant's remarkable seances. We cannot see how it is possible for any one to sit through one of these occasions and not be impressed with a profound sense of the very remarkable character of the phenomena presented. Those who do not believe in spirit power and control over mediums should attend these seances a few times and if they can leave without the conviction that there is a power and an intelligence above and beyond the medium of which she is but the mouthpiece, then they must give Mrs. Conant the credit of being a most marvelous woman, endowed with the most surprising facility for changes of voice and facial expression, and gifted with a miraculously fertile brain. For nearly or quite fifteen years she has acted in the capacity of medium for these free circles and for the *Banner*. She answers questions upon an endless variety of subjects and is controlled by an infinite variety of spirits. These different controlling influences evince the most marked individuality. Her changes of voice, expression, motions and attitudes under the different controls are most marked. At times her language reaches the height of sublimity as an invocation is poured from her lips, and again it is the simple words of a child, or the broad hibernian dialect, or the peculiar phraseology of the African that finds expression through her lips. The room is always filled and the interest seems profound. At each sitting twelve sealed letters are answered, and judging from the expression upon the faces of several who were the recipients of replies while we were present, we should say very satisfactorily. Spiritualism in Boston has a vast number of adherents and they are constantly on the increase. Mediums, magnetic physicians and clairvoyants are very numerous and their services are in great demand. Probably there is no city in the Union where clairvoyants are better patronized than here.

At the school concert in honor of the Grand Duke, twelve hundred Boston children sang the following fine hymn of welcome by O. W. Holmes:

Shadowed so long by the storm-cloud of danger,
Thou, when the prayers of an empire descend—
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a stranger,
Come to the nation that calls thee its friend.

Break our shores with the blasts of December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow!
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that remember
Where was our friend when the world was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet thee,
See the fresh flowers that a people have sown;
Count them thy sisters and brothers that meet thee,
Guest of the nation, her heart is thine own.

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,
Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star!
God bless the empire that loves the great Union;
Strength to her people! Long life to the Czar!

NEW YORK.

We learn that the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Apollo Hall have engaged Thomas Gales Foster to minister to them for one year. This is emphatically a move in the right direction. We believe the time has come when the itinerant system can no longer meet the wants of our society. Brother Foster enters upon his labors the first of February. He is an earnest man and a popular speaker. We give him our best hopes and wishes. A new movement in this city has resulted in the installation of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, author of "Hesperia," as a regular preacher in Lyric Hall, corner of 6th Avenue, and 42d St. Services will be held every Sunday evening at half past seven o'clock. The opening services took place on Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, at which Mrs. C. B. Willour and Mrs. Mary F. Davis assisted, each of them making addresses. Mrs. Tappan has from her childhood been before the public as one of our most gifted trance lecturers. We are pleased to know of this move and hope it may be sustained with ample means to place it upon a permanent basis. In this great metropolis there are enough believers in the grand truths of Spiritualism to make at least a dozen large societies.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's message was as acceptable as could be, as long as the popular conception of politics is partisanship. We warmly approve of its humane Indian policy, and the recommendations of economy and honesty in the disposal of the public lands, as well as various other wise suggestions. There are a large number of voters who are sick of Indian murdering, and who see in the lavish appropriation of public lands for railroads and other pretences, downright stealing from the people. President Grant, though practical, is not the man for fine ethical distinctions, and as a lawyer we are confident he would be a failure. Kings, queens and presidents are fast becoming of small importance in a government, however, and it matters but little what they do or do not think. Still his advisers should not have allowed the executive to commit himself as he does in his reference to "the Mormon muddle." The message reads as follows upon the subject:

In Utah there still remains a remnant of barbarism repugnant to civilization, to decency, and to the laws of the United States.

Territorial officers, however, have been found who are willing to perform their duty in a spirit of equity and with a due sense of sustaining the majesty of the law.

Neither polygamy nor any other violation of existing statutes will be permitted within the territory of the United States. It is not with the religion of the self-styled saints that we are now dealing, but with their practices.

They will be protected in the worship of God according to the dictates of their conscience, but they will not be permitted to violate the laws under the cloak of religion.

It may be advisable for Congress to consider what, in the execution of the law against polygamy, is to be the status of plural wives and their offspring.

The propriety of Congress passing an enabling act authorizing the Territorial Legislature of Utah to legitimize all children born prior to the time fixed in the act, might be justified by its humanity to these innocent children.

This is a suggestion only, and not a recommendation.

We are surprised that our first magistrate should charge Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, not to mention Job, David, and Solomon, with barbarism and indecency! He should remember God manifested his love of Job not only by restoring him flocks and herds, land and money, after his afflictions, but as a crowning act of favor, immensely increased the number of his wives, and as he was very healthy after his crop of boils, there was naturally a multiplication of sons and daughters, David was "a man after God's own heart," and Solomon the wisest of all. We are told, moreover, that Jesus Christ, who is believed in as "the savior of mankind," "very God of very God," "the rightful ruler of nations," the patron of the Methodist Church, to be recognized in the amendment which is to make the United States Constitution a Christian document and this a sectarian nation, was born of this polygamous lineage. Parson Newman of the National Methodist Church, should call on his presidential parishioner, and book him up in these things?

As to the constitutional laws of the United States, we are informed there are no penalties for polygamy provided. There is no legal reason for interfering with Mormon families, which may be arranged on the *Bible* plan. There is no legal way to do so. The "territorial officers" Grant has "found" to do the work, after his commonplace idea of "sustaining the majesty of the law," have achieved such progress as they have made, by usurpations of authority; by packed juries, from which Mormons were excluded; by degrading the majesty of the laws; by forced constructions of the same, and finally by manufacturing a crime for the purpose of an unwarranted persecution in the proceedings of the court. The Mormons

have been indicted for *adultery*, but there is no adultery in the legal sense, within marriage, and that marriage may not extend to more wives than one, to more husbands than one, does not appear from the statute. Bigamy and polygamy are not the same; in the former, the crime is in the *deception*, and the mockery of marriage in a state where state laws regulate marriage in a way peculiar to that state. In the territories, Congress exercises control, it is true; but nothing is more evident than that where no law existed in regard to any matter, the leaning of government should be towards the sacred liberty of the person, so that universal practice, in a concern not specifically condemned by statute, should be allowed the force of common law, when in consonance with the religious convictions and social etiquette of a population much greater than that of some states.

Utah might have been a state long ago. The only reason she has not become so, is that she is heterodox in her religious and social status.

This neglect of that territory is gratifying to the prejudice and spite of virtuous Christians, among whom there are in proportion, as many brothels as there are polygamous families in Salt Lake. But it is not just, not republican, not expedient. Every state has the right to regulate marriage, and that right is vigorously exercised. New York may establish polygamy to-morrow if she chooses; Utah, if she had become a state, would have done so; and in law, as she has the constituent elements of a state, she has the moral right to do so now. It is the will of the people of Utah, and will be years from now; the persecutions of Grant, and the territorial officers he has "found," were all that was needed to solidify Mormonism as an institution. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The president has heavily reinforced Brigham Young.

To illustrate the liberty the states have in regulating marriage, we may look at the laws of divorce in different jurisdictions. South Carolina has no divorce law; the theory of the Roman Catholic Church governs; no divorce is possible. New York divorces for adultery, and Connecticut for many, almost any, reasons. The straining of the law, even for the purpose of convicting one whose guilt is obvious, is dangerous to the liberties of those who depend upon the law for protection; since respect for the law is weakened by such a proceeding, and a bad precedent established, which may be taken advantage of in a manner inimical to justice and right. It is right all constitutional and just laws should be enforced, and all unjust and oppressive laws will be sooner repealed or set aside, from the effect of vigorous efforts to carry out their provisions. Whether polygamy will be permitted or not does not depend upon the president or Congress, but upon the people. If no sectarian bias mingles with the animus of the president, why is he so much more eager to disturb and punish Mormons, than to suppress the brothels within rifle shot of the White House, as Congress has undoubted power, and he sufficient influence to do so? or why does he not impress upon the states of New York and Connecticut the duty of suppressing the *Christian* free-love communists at Oneida and Wallingford? In those states, and by those communists, sexual variety is inculcated and practiced as a social propriety and religious observance. Many of these communistic people are married persons, and the adulteries are numberless. We have the assurance—"Neither polygamy nor any other violation of existing statutes will be permitted within the territory of the U. S." We shall expect, therefore, that the states referred to will be reminded of their remissness, and unless they act promptly, a committee of men will be "found" to pack juries and pervert law and make sure of trying "so as to convict" these veteran offenders.

Shall not this be done, and sexual and social Christian outlaws of New York and Connecticut be broken up, just as the Ku Klux outlaws have been? Why has it not been done before? The Oneida community would, as they, like the Mormons, are indus-

trious and temperate, furnish fat pickings to any crowd who could brighten them away from their beautiful paradise. But they are Christians, and in that fact is their security. J. H. Noyes, their high priest, is married to all the women in the community, he declares, as is every other man. They are "all one in Christ," to quote their style and expression. While such things are allowed in the states, what a farce it is for the administration to become the cats-paw of a ring of speculators and would-be thieves, and disgrace itself and the country by running *smoke* against religious heresy and social schism!

When the Protestant Evangelical Alliance proposed to meet in this country, Grant and Fish both proscribed their positions to give them an official welcome, and the administration has been very polite to every sect. Why then should the president sneer, in a national document, at citizens as "self-styled saints"? Marriage in almost all the world is considered a religious sacrament and practice, quite as much as a social institution, and it is absurd for a power that separates husbands and wives, that annuls the natural relations of children and their fathers, that breaks up the whole social organization of a community of a quarter of a million people, to say—"It is not with the religion of the self-styled saints that we are now dealing." They who undertake to disorganize and dictate the marriage relations of an entire people, do most directly interfere with their religion, and we hold that the state has no more right to meddle with marriage, than expound theology and dictate articles of belief.

Having "found" men willing to be agents in placing thousands of women where the courts declare them without husbands, while their religion holds them to the duties of wives, having found men ready, "in a spirit of equity," to rule all the children of these women, into bastardy and orphanage, the president has a gracious suggestion to make: Let Congress and the territorial legislature by enactment legitimize all born prior to its date, says this modern Solon, "merely this, and nothing more." This is the demoralizing muddle, we are brought into by administration activity in persecuting the Mormons.

Now just a paragraph or two to blow off the meal of the executive message, and show the sectarian ring cat, waiting for the Mormon mice, and after they are devoured, for every heterodox class in the country. Keep it before the people, that the raid upon the Mormons has not been made in the interests of good order, of social purity, or humanity! The Mormons have quietly submitted to the most terrible action of the courts, without an offensive act. Washington to-day is more impure than Salt Lake City. An industrious, temperate, orderly, humane people, have been swooped down upon by legal Ku Klux, hindered in their business, disturbed in their social life, and miserably outraged in their feelings. And for what reason? Not for one reason, but for many, and those held by a variety and number of people.

In the first place, the Methodist Church, running an ambitious race with the Roman Catholic hierarchy for political power, has indirectly if not directly, brought about a crusade against the Mormons out of missionary zeal and christian spite. In this they are seconded by all religious conservatives, who see in the present condition in Utah, a plausible excuse to establish a precedent in law, soon to be used against all heretics wherever found. A case is made, in which United States courts condemn a man to state's prison for an unpopular act sanctioned by his religion, although the act cannot be proved to disturb the peace, or endanger the state. Thus the charm is broken, and hereafter any person's religious sentiments and social practices must conform to the will of the majority. Thus we approximate an established religion; thus we lose sight of religious freedom.

Secondly, the Mormons have chosen a favorable tract of country after all, or at least their hard work has made it fruitful. There are mines

too, which they have from policy neglected, wisely distrusting the moral advantages of mining pursuits, as compared with a life of agriculture. There are people in plenty who don't want to work hard, and they have done all they can, and that not a little, to urge on the persecution we have witnessed, in hopes the Mormons would emigrate and leave them their farms, gardens, and houses; or that they would resist the legal outrage by illegal violence, when the army would be called in, and human and other vultures and buzzards have fine picking!

Lastly, a rabble of contractors, of speculators, unemployed officers and parasites of the military, are eager for bloodshed and confusion anywhere; since only when there is war can they gain fame or plunder. Rumor unfortunately connects the name of U. S. Grant with Utah speculations, and yet we are not ready to accuse him of sharing the secondariness of the rings who have probably been the manipulators and managers of his sectarian ill advisers.

Just as strongly as we favor the Indian and land policy of the president, do we condemn this blunder in dealing with the Mormons. They have a narrow conception of the destinies of this nation, who imagine one creed, one God, one social life, are to be believed in, worshiped, and enjoyed by all of its many millions! There is room for Joss and Jesus. There are equal rights for both sexes, of all races. There is social liberty for each and all, and every one may "worship God after the dictates of his own conscience," or refuse to worship, as absolutely, as to give any reason for his irreligion. All efforts to enforce sexual virtue, at the point of the bayonet, must be given up, and science and argument become co-operative with religion to purify and bless the universal nation.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

TO THE EDITOR PRESENT AGE.

Onward! strike thy blows with power,
Rise! it is the noonday hour:
Upward, ardent as the sun,
Onward! all is to be won.

Rest is action, toil is rest.
Labor is leisure, struggle pleasure;
The deepest peace is born of work
When life moves on in earnest measure.
To triumph strive, all yields to will:
Condense thy life, conserve thy strength;
"Iron and blood" thy spirit feed,
The world is thine and heaven at length.
E. S. W.

TESTS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

We have long been convinced, by evidence that no unprejudiced mind could resist, that persons once inhabitants of this earthly sphere have the power to return in spirit form and make tangible manifestation of their presence. How can the Christian world with the least consistency question the teachings of Spiritualism upon this subject? They profess to believe every word of the Bible, and therein we find accounts of the appearance of spirits in bodily form, of their conversations and revelations to men in all past ages. But it is not alone to so-called sacred history that we refer for evidences of intercourse with those who have passed beyond the veil. The histories of all nations abound with corroborative testimony, and on our pages may be seen the clearly expressed opinions of men and women of later times. In the present, it is only in Modern Spiritualism through its media, that we find the positive proof of immortal existence. Spiritualists do not rely on the more or less unsatisfactory records of past ages, neither do they depend upon faith, or wholly upon the revelations of science and philosophy, to all of which, nevertheless, due weight is given. But they have tens of thousands of living witnesses, men and women, whose evidence would be received in any court, who testify to the world that they see and converse with spirits from the higher life, in many instances, those whom they had known in this life. We have been led into this train of thought in view of certain tests of spirit presence given before a large congregation by Mrs. A. E. Mossop after the close of one of her lectures a few weeks since in Lyceum Hall, Chicago. We shall only mention two of the many given that evening.

A few moments of silence, and the clairvoyant, pointing to a man

standing in a distant part of the hall says: "I see standing by you a man who says his name is John, and he is a painter by trade, and who is working for you in Cincinnati, and from a scaffold and was killed." The gentleman addressed, a stranger, arose and stated to the audience that a man, answering the description, given, and by the name John worked for him in the place named, and was killed in the manner stated.

The second description was given to himself as follows: "I see a Catholic priest standing near Col. P., his hand placed upon his shoulder. He announces himself as Father L. Belle, claims to have known you in this life, and bids me tell you he failed to make the necessary examination." Thereupon we made the following statement to the congregation: "I was intimately acquainted with a Catholic priest in Kalamazoo, Michigan, by the name of L. Belle, but I think he is still in this life, at least I have never heard of his death. Here the matter rested, and it was not until the time of the recent Spiritualist State Convention in Denham Creek that we were informed of the decease of Father L. Belle, and the peculiar circumstances in connection with which fully explained to us the meaning of 'the examination' referred to by the spirit, of which at that time we had no conception. The explanation is not necessary to a proper understanding of the test. Mr. Mossop was never in Kalamazoo, as I have no reason to believe he was aware of my acquaintance with Father L. Belle, or that she, any more than myself, knew of the circumstances of his death. She never saw him in this life, yet gave a good description of his person, gave his name, announced the fact of his acquaintance with me in earth life, and alluded to circumstances attending his death, which I knew nothing, but all the while, supposed him to be living in Kalamazoo and attending to his pastoral duties. Will our friends who disbelieve in the revelations to-day, find in their philosophy an explanation of this?"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

En. Agr.—I am a subscriber to your paper and read it with pleasure. I think the best Spiritualist paper published. Are you not allowing yourself to be drawn into the democratic party? I have some articles in your paper that look like it. I shall continue to take the Agr. as exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, please let democracy alone. G. W.

I do hope that you will preach as much for democracy as your conscience will allow as I do believe it to be the workingman's ticket. N. H.

Why do you oppose Gen. Grant for presidency? I believe you were in the army. You ought to stand by the right man until this question is settled. We all like the Agr., but if you support a democrat you will lose subscribers. I. S. T.

RESPONSE.

The above extracts indicate very clearly that the quadrennial election campaign is approaching, that lively political times are at hand. We could add to the above a dozen extracts from other letters, relating solely to party questions, or rather to party predominance, for there are no questions of any importance dividing the two great political parties. We find just as much diversity of sentiment upon other subjects, and we have pages of wise advice as to what we should do should not do. From this view of the situation our readers can get some idea of the perplexities of editor, that is, if he allows himself to be perplexed. We do not mind the manifest anxiety of our friends who feel an interest in our prosperity. They have not yet outgrown partisan predilections. They look the victory of their particular party for success rather than to the underlying power of principle. Our republican friend, from whom we first quote, fears we are being drawn into the democratic party while our democratic friend, who speaks in the second extract, believes we will "preach democracy." A third correspondent assumes that we oppose Gen. Grant, and desires to know why. These are all old trons; each enclosed us money at the time they wrote, and we believe to be true friends. We thank them for their advice, and in reply

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE,

EDITOR.

LITTLE MOTHER.

Minding baby's cradle,
Rocking as she sings,
'Tis a little maid,
Full of busy things,
Darning she a stocking
With most serious mien,
Scarcely seven summers
Has little Patty seen.

Patty's hair is golden,
Patty's eyes are blue,
And I scarce can tell you
Half that she can do.
But her hands work dexter
As she sings awhile,
And like flash of sunshine
Is her merry smile.

Sitting by the cradle,
Mother's task to do,
While her playmate sies
Fill the sunny air;
By-and-by she'll join them,
Shout with might and main,
Play till tyrant baby
Wants his nurse again.

Sitting by the cradle,
Full of dignity,
Marshalling on tiptoe
Little sisters three,
Tries to look like mother,
As with a brow of care,
God grant darker shadow
Never may rest there.

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Come and see the carriage loaded," said Charley to his sister, and out she ran to see the trunks put in under one of the seats.

"Now we are going home to Riverside," said May, as she hopped up and down on her toes. "Here come the two cats in a box, and here come three quails in another box. Ha, ha, ha! is not that funny, Annie and Aggie? We have thousands of mice at Riverside; they eat our clothes, but now, when they see our cats they will all scamper away."

"Harrah!" called out Charley, "here come our four black chickens! Won't we have a load? And here come Rob and Walter with the canned peaches. Was not Mrs. Bingham kind to put up all these peaches for us?"

"A box of apples!" shouted Aggie, as she saw her father bringing them to the carriage.

"And a bouquet of flowers," said May; "oh! I am glad! Aunt and Ernest will be glad; we have no flowers at Riverside."

"Good thing you have such a large carriage, Mr. Bingham," said Charley. "Some more things!" said May. "Honey! honey! oh! you are going to fill the carriage! there will be no room for us."

But there was room enough in their large family carriage, not only for our friends, but also for Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and little Aggie, and very soon all were on board, good byes said, and they on their way to Riverside. As they passed through the city of San Bernardino, they called at the post office and were delighted to receive letters from Mr. Strawbridge and Jennie and Priestly Hall. Then they called at the butcher's shop and bought ten pounds of surloin beef for one dollar, only ten cents per pound you see! Then off they went laughing merrily at their carriage load. The sun was shining just a little, as it peeped over the mountains; the air was cool and delightful, for it was yet early in the morning. It would not do to travel in the middle of the day, because of the great heat.

They had promised to call at Mr. Carter's where May and her mother had visited. As it was only about one mile and a half from the city and on their way, very soon they arrived. Charley was all over the place in a short time, saw and admired Bessie and all the animals on the place. Then all had a feast of peaches and a pleasant chat with Mrs. Carter and her sister for about half an hour, and then were off again for Riverside. But I must not forget to say that a basket of peaches was put on board, and that another bouquet of flowers was gathered, as large as Charley's head. Oh! they were a merry party! the children sang songs and were so full of glee that they did not seem to notice that they were leaving all the green fields behind, and going among only cactus bushes, scattered here and there over a bare

soil without one blade of grass. However, when they arrived in the Valley of Riverside, they saw that the water from the first irrigating ditch had made a great change in some places; there was beautiful green corn that had been planted in July, growing finely. There were walnut trees, lemon trees, and orange trees, that had been planted and the sight of all these made the children happy, as well as their mother.

"Now we have water, now we have trees in Riverside," said May. "We are not going to live in a desert any longer."

But let us just here run ahead and see what Ernest, Aftena, and their mother are doing. Ernest had been making mud pies, and had just washed his hands and gone into the house.

"I dreamed, mamma, that aunt and Charley and May came home day after yesterday," he said.

His mother, who was sitting in the rocking chair with Aftena on her lap, smiled and said:

"Perhaps you mean the day before yesterday."

"Yes, I mean that," said Ernest, "and I want to ask you something: has God a wife?"

"No, my darling," said his mother. "Why, he is an old bachelor then! I thought there was a Mrs. God."

Ernest was standing near one of the windows, and at that instant he spied a carriage.

"Charley is coming!" he shouted. "May is coming! I see a carriage."

And out of the house he went just as if he had wings. His mother from the window saw him running down the road, then she saw him lifted into the carriage, and so knew that the little folks with their mother were coming home. Aftena leaped with delight; she seemed to know who were coming.

"My blessed baby!" said her aunt, as she stepped from the carriage on to the porch and took Aftena in her arms.

Then came Charley and May to kiss her, then the unloading of the carriage, and such exclamations of surprise as Ernest made, when the box of quails and box of cats were brought out. Aftena too crowded and laughed delightedly.

"Apples!" shouted Ernest, "peaches! peaches! Oh! good. Beef! honey! bouquets! O mamma! see the pretty flowers!"

He held them in his hands, his face as red as the roses, with joy and excitement. Aftena seemed to admire the quails, more than anything else, for she crowded and fluttered and talked, in her own baby style, pointing to the birds, just as if she was giving a lecture on quails. The children applauded, and May declared that Aftena was lecturing on the rights of quails.

"Did you ever see any quails before?" said Charley. "They look very like partridges, only they have a shorter tail, and can fly much better."

The large box cage was now on the porch and the children were all gathered round.

"Do quails build nests in trees?" asked Ernest.

"No," said Charley, "their nest is only a hole in the ground, and they lay eight or nine eggs, yes, twelve eggs sometimes. I am going to measure one of the quails." And he ran to his aunt's work basket and brought out a tape measure, then caught one of the birds and let Ernest hold it. "Seven inches long! You are quite a big fellow, Mr. Quail."

"And you are pretty," said Ernest; "you are brown and mottled; your throat is white."

"I can tell you something about quails," said Charley, "You know the Mediterranean Sea; well, hundreds of thousands of them are caught there every year, for they love to travel as well as we do."

"What! travel in cars?" said Ernest.

"No, they travel on their wings. They fly away from the north of Europe and Asia when Jack Frost comes, and away they go to a warm climate. They immigrate."

"No, my boy, they migrate, and while they are migrating, they are caught, as you say, on the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean Sea."

"People eat them," said Charley. "But we won't eat you, dear little quail," said May. "Mrs. Bingham was going to have quail pie for dinner one day, but I was so sorry about it that she did not make it, and then I was glad."

"In China," said Mrs. Strawbridge, "the quail is very pretty and very small, only about four inches long. It is kept for fighting, and much money is lost and won on the battles of these little birds. There is another reason why the quail is kept: to warm the hands of persons who are cold."

"Poor little quails!" said Ernest; "Chinamen make you fight, and make you keep their hands warm."

EXPLOSIONS ON THE SUN.

C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, gives, in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* for November a very interesting account of what he calls an explosion on the sun, which occurred on the seventh of September. He had been examining the sun with the telescope, which is a combination of the telescope and spectroscope, about noon of that day and had observed "an enormous protuberance on the eastern limb of the sun." It was about one hundred thousand miles long by fifty-four thousand miles high. In about half an hour all this was "blown to shreds by some unconceivable uprush from beneath," and the air seemed "filled with flying debris" and in ten minutes some had reached the solar surface; the velocity of ascent, one hundred and sixty-six miles per second.

In little more than an hour all this had died away and then the professor observed that a small protuberance on the sun which he calls a "thunder head," and which had been visible previously, had developed into "a mass of rolling and ever changing flames." This rose fifty thousand miles in height, "whose summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads which were most curiously rolled backwards and downwards like the volutes of an Ionic capital, and finally it faded away, and by 2:30 P. M. had vanished like the others."

WINTER SPORTS FOR THE YOUNG.

SNOWBALLING.—This is one of the most exhilarating sports of country life in winter. The best way to engage in it is for the players to form sides. Draw a couple of lines about twenty feet apart. Between these lines is the neutral ground, upon which no combatant of either side must step. Prepare a quantity of snowballs, being careful that they are not so hard as to injure any one, should they hit the head or face. The balls prepared, commence firing, and continue it until one side gives up.

THE SNOW FORT.—Additional zest may be given to snowballing by constructing a fort or castle of snow. The walls must be made very solid, and thicker at the base than at the top. If the fort is of a moderate height, five or six feet will be about the right thickness for the base. For the location of the fort, select an angle of the play ground, or a spot in front of a building or wall, as this allows the enemy less front for attacking. Water thrown upon the walls at night will freeze, and so strengthen the fort. A pole should be at hand for a flagstaff, with flag attached.

BESTROING FORT SNOW.—The players are to form themselves into two sides, the weaker to occupy the fort, the stronger to attack it. Each side is to choose a captain, who is to direct the attack and the defence. Active preparations now proceed. Within the fort and without large piles of snowballs are handily arranged. Shells may also be made. These are large balls of snow, to be dropped upon the backs of those who come near the walls, or thrown from the outside, to drop on the head of some luckless one within. When the balls are all made, up goes the flag upon each side, denoting that all are ready. Then the battle begins, and is continued until the fort is taken or the besiegers conclude that they can not do so. The battle may continue for several days—the cessation of fighting being arranged by one of either side approaching the other under a flag of truce, (this may be the waving of a cap in the messenger's hand), and determining when the battle is to be renewed. Of course, as soon as a flag of truce is seen, hostilities stop on both sides, until the business for which the flag is shown is concluded.

THE SNOW GYANT.—First make two quite large balls of snow for the body, and one of a smaller size for the head. Place one of the large ones in position; flatten the top of it; then place the other large one upon it,

and on top of that the head piece. Now the artist is called for, and he who can best carve out the legs, body, and face must up and do it. The Giant complete, you must fit him up in the most laughable manner possible. Put on his head a shocking bad hat, in his hand a dilapidated umbrella, and in his mouth a pipe of the largest dimensions. Give him something to drink at night, in the shape of a few buckets of water, externally applied. This will strengthen his condition. Now what will you do with him? Let him live in peace as a patron saint, or stand at a distance and assault him with snowballs.

COASTING.—This grand sport can be enjoyed on any hillside. Sleds are the delight of all boys and girls, and any description of them is uncalled for. The most ordinary way of coasting is to sit on the sled, the feet in front, or to sit sideways, using one foot for steering. Other modes are adopted, such as resting face down on the sled, standing on the sled, lying on the sled, kneeling on the sled, &c. Sometimes two or more sleds are connected by a board on top, and a crowd of young folks travel down the hill, shouting, singing, and laughing. The snow on which good coasting is to be had, should be hard and free from ruts. To effect this, it is well at night to throw water upon it. This, freezing over night, will secure a surface for the next day's sport that will be the delight of all coasters.

SNOW HOUSES.—One of the charms of winter life is to be found in a snow house. All the boys and girls of a neighborhood unite and choose a location for the edifice. The four walls are built slowly, leaving a doorway at one side. The work of a day is cemented by pouring water on it at night. When the walls are made thick and firm—they should be two or three feet thick—boards are placed on the top for the roof, and on the board is placed a quantity of snow. Apertures are made in the walls for windows. Carpenter's shavings are placed on the floor and serve for a carpet.

PUZZLING A DOCTOR.

Mr. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke (unless perpetrated at his own expense), and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen officers, who were renowned more for their courage than their scholarship. One day, at mess, after the dejeuner had performed sundry perambulations of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great warrior, remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers—

"Doctor M., are you acquainted with Captain G?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor; "he is one of the new set. But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular. I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses, how he spells cat."

"Done! It's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said S.

"K, a, double t."

"No."

"K, a, double t, e."

"No."

"K, a, t, e."

"No! try again."

"C, a, double t, e."

"No, you have missed it again."

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "C, a, double t."

"No, that's not the way; try again—it's your last guess."

"C, a, g, h, t."

"No, that's not the way; you've lost your wager," said S.

"Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c, a, t," replied S, with the utmost gravity of manner, amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming—

"Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner!"

KINDNESS AND LOVE.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruit;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

CALIFORNIA is taking steps to do away with the "cranning system." The school manual has been revised so as to teach less, with the view of teaching better. The cranning system there, the San Francisco *Bulletin* says, has become a very serious obstacle to the proper instruction of children. Teachers of all grades were taught to believe that the true test of their success was the number of pupils which, at the end of each term, they were able to promote to the grades above them. This involved the necessity of assigning difficult lessons, in violation of the principle that the studies of children ought to be of such a character that their accomplishment will not appear to be a task.

TEMPERANCE.

TAKE WARNING.

A respectable mechanic was indicted for the murder of his own child. He was proved to have been, naturally, amiable and kind; and the deceased was his only, darling child, upon whom he doted with the utmost tenderness. One day, in a fit of inebriety, he quarrelled with his wife, and threw a hatchet at her, which clove the head of the little innocent as it reclined upon her bosom! He was, at the time, entirely unconscious of what he had done; but, when he recovered his reason, he suffered agonies no tongue can describe. Oh, what a scene ensued! Having taken away the life of his beloved son, he considered his own as insupportable, and had it not been for those around him, he would have sunk himself still deeper in sin, by destroying his own existence. Had he possessed words, he would have given them to recall the deed of horror; but it was too late, and temperance was the cause! A merciful jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and he was sentenced to drag out twenty-one years of miserable existence in a common prison, the companion of the worst of mankind. He died before the expiration of the time, of a broken heart.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

When admiral Farragut's son was about ten years old, the father said in his hearing, that when he was old enough to make a compact and keep it, he had a bargain to offer him. The son rose up and asked his father what the compact was. The admiral said, "The proposal I intend to make is this: If you will not smoke nor chew tobacco, drink intoxicating or strong wines, till you are twenty-one years of age, I will then give you one thousand dollars." "I am old enough to make that bargain now," said young Farragut; "I will accept the offer." The bargain closed, and when young Farragut was twenty-one, the cash was handed over.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—The Norfolk *Journal* relates an affecting incident which took place on the street of Norfolk, last Sunday. An intoxicated man was being led home by his little daughter, a bright-eyed child of six or seven years old. The man resisted the efforts of all persons to take him home, but was perfectly passive in the hands of his child. After getting her father to the steps, the little girl threw her arm around his neck, and kissed him. All who witnessed the scene and the action were affected—some to tears. There is power in that little child's love to win her father back to sobriety and virtue, if there is any goodness left in him.

Business men, if you wish to prosper in this world, be attentive, honest, true to your engagements, and drink—water. If you wish to fail, become bankrupt and die paupers, drink—whisky.

Married men, if you want to meet your families with a cheerful face and happy heart, drink—water. If you want to meet them in anger and trouble, with scolding and complaints, drink—whisky.

The difference in the chances of duration of life between persons of sound constitution and those whose vigor is impaired by alcohol is as follows: A temperate person's chance of living is at 20, 44.2 years; at 30, 36.5 years; at 40, 28.8 years. An intemperate person's chance of living is at 20, 15.6 years; at 30, 13.8; at 40, 11.6.

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, states that one third of all the deaths in that city were the result, directly or indirectly, of the use of alcohol, and that in the last thirty-eight years 190,000 persons in that city had died from its use, either by themselves or their parents.

It is certain that intoxicating drinks are adulterated with poisonous drugs. When a man is muddled in brain by one glass, he is less able to observe what is wrong with the next. Thus he goes on from bad to worse, till delirium tremens ends in death.

In Russia, people who are picked up in the highways in a state of intoxication are condemned, whatever may be their social station, to sweep the streets for one day, and it is not rare in St. Petersburg to see well dressed individuals thus employed.

One of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence by the late Rev. Samuel J. May: "If it is a small sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake."

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution.

He who never tastes a single drop of liquor will never die in the gutter. Whoever does take a single drop, may.

HOW TO GIVE CHILDREN AN APPETITE.

Give children an abundance of outdoor exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only on plain, nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever complain of a lack of appetite. But keep them overtasked in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, frowning down every attempt at play; feed them on rich or high-seasoned food, candies, nuts, &c., allow them to eat between meals and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to have good appetites. On the contrary, you may expect they will be pale and sickly.

Don't cram them with food when they don't want, or have no appetite for it—such a course is slow murder. If they have no appetite, encourage, and if need be, command them to take exercise, in the open air. Don't allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading the exciting light literature which so much abounds in our book-stores and circulating libraries. In addition to securing exercise for the children as above, change their diet somewhat; especially if they have been eating fine flour, change to coarse or Graham flour.

Sickness is the most expensive thing on the face of the globe. There may be instances where it makes people or children better, but generally it makes them selfish, sad, misanthropic, nervous, mean and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

BABIES.—We love little babies, and love every body who does love babies. No man has music in his soul who don't love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies when grown up. A man isn't worth a chuck who hasn't a baby, and the same rule applies to woman. A baby is a spring-day in winter; a ray of sunshine in frigid winter, and if it is healthy and good natured, and you're sure its yours, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies, one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are.

Babies were born to be dirty.

We love babies because they are babies and because their mothers were lovable and lovely women. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always look for babies, we do, with anxiety and paternal affection; we do, indeed we do. We always have sorrowful feelings for mothers that have no babies and don't expect any.

Women always look down-hearted who have no babies and men who have no babies always gumble and drink whisky, and stay out nights trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies are babies and nothing can take their place. Pianos play out and good living plays out, unless there's a baby in the house. We've tried it, we know, and we say there's nothing like a baby.—*Exchange.*

PLEASANTRIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

WORTH A RAP.—A bad boy's knuckles.

Born to blush unseen—Negro women.

Many young men are so improvident that they can not keep anything but late hours.

A FEMALE BARBER "out West" has retired from business on account of the arrival of a "little shaver."

A CALIFORNIA editor has bought a mule and a brother editor chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

A VETERAN shop-keeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

A "SKEWMER" writes that he is not only willing to give woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts." This is his "last" joke.

LITTLE Dick's mother asked him what kind of nuts she should buy for him. "Doughnuts, mamma; me can crack 'em with my toofs."

A VICTIM of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

ONE of the streams running into Lake Superior from the north is called "Temperance River," because it is the only one of all the tributaries of the lake that has no bar at its mouth.

"ANOTHER WAY."—Mamma: "Now, Herbert, if you're naughty I shall have to punish you, and you will find I shall not spare the rod and spoil the child." Herbert: "Oh, mamma, hadn't you better spare the child and spoil the rod?"—*Fun.*

"MA, I am going to make some soft soap for the fair this fall!" said a beautiful miss of seventeen to her mother, the other day. "What put that notion into your head, Sally?" "Why, ma, the premium is just what I have been wanting." "Pray, what is it?" "A Worcester Farmer, I hope he will be a good looking one."

